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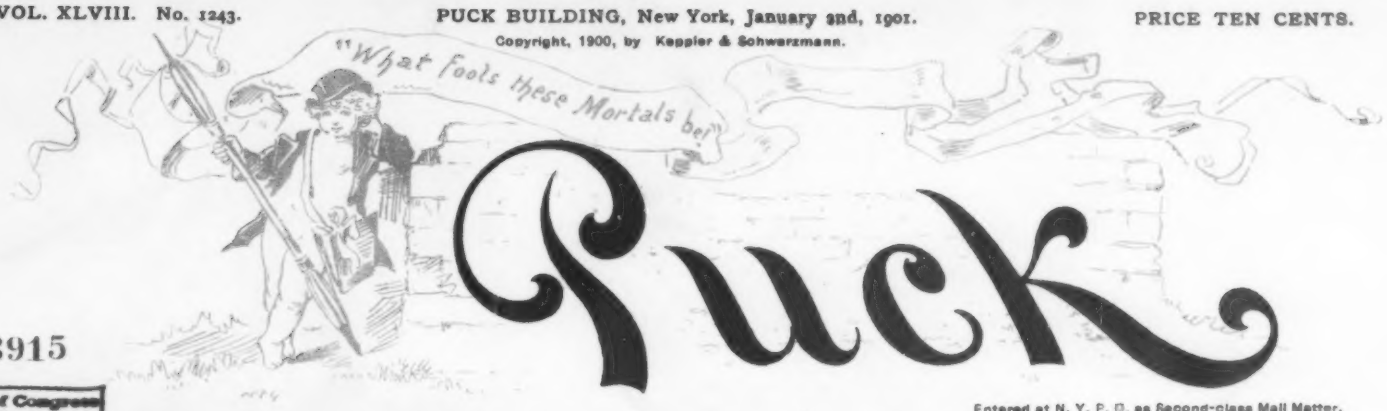

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

UNCLE SAM. — To the health of my boys in all parts of the earth!

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PUCKOGRAPHS. – LXXXIV.

A MAN WHO IS MAKING THE TICKET-SPECULATORS RICH.

A RUMOR.

FIRST GOSSIPING HEN.— We had better shun Mr. Gobbler Turkey. He is guilty of some grave crime!

SECOND GOSSIPING HEN. — A crime?

FIRST GOSSIPING HEN.— Yes. I overheard a strange gentleman telling farmer Chinwhiskers that he would give twelve cents a pound for Mr. Gobbler Turkey, dead or alive!

A SPORTING NOTE.

FIRST BEAR. — I saw a man shot a minute ago.

SECOND BEAR.– What for?

FIRST BEAR. — For impersonating me, I think.

HIS IDEA.

"What is the idea of amending the boxing law?"

"Why, as I understand it, we want an anti-boxing law that won't prevent prize-fighting."

MORE IMPORTANT.

"When is Roberts going home?"

"Can't say. The really interesting question is when are Botha and De Wet going home?"

ALL AT IT.

FIRST CHINAMAN.— And what is the chief occupation of the outside barbarians?

SECOND CHINAMAN.— Solving the Chinese problem.

A FORECAST.

FIRST CITIZEN.— There will be a lively time in the Presidential election of the year 2000.

SECOND CITIZEN.—How do you know?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Well, in each campaign the country is aroused as it never was aroused before; so you can figure out what the progressive excitement will amount to in the course of another century.

FRUITS.

"What, after all, demanded the Philosopher, with some heat, "are the fruits of the elections?"

"Squeezed oranges!" wanly suggested the candidate who had been in the hands of his friends.

DETOUR.

WHEN WE, in this year's dying days,
Stand at the parting of the ways—
Old Habits' highway broad and plain,
Good Resolutions' narrow lane—
We feel ourselves in duty bound
To tread upon uncertain ground,
And have a try, just for a flyer,
To make our aim a little higher.

And so we turn into the lane
Quite confident we shall attain
To something that is new and strange
And heretofore far out of range.

With dogged step we trudge along
Alone. By Jove! we miss the throng
That used to make life seem so gay
The while we trod the other way.

What first we felt a restful lull
In Folly's fanfare soon seems dull.
No music cheers this march of ours,
Along the roadside are no flowers;
There 's naught to do and less to see;
Somehow, we suffer from ennui;
And, though our course we are not ruing,
We wonder what the boys are doing.

Then far ahead we seem to see
Some signs of old-time revelry.
With eager step we hurry on
To view it fully ere it 's gone;
How quick we throw off ennui's load
The lane leads back into the road!
Ah! What a joy it is to learn
It 's not a lane that has no turn!

Wood Levette Wilson.

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NOT INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION.

EDITOR.— Is that all the foreman said?
THE DEVIL.— No;— he says de best work on dis paper is done wit' de scissors — but he did n't tell me to tell yer.

ONE OF THE DRAWBACKS.

FIRST CITIZEN *(indignantly)*.— How can such a man get elected to Congress?

SECOND CITIZEN.— Oh! Prosperity covers a multitude of sins!

PROGRESS.

FIRST CONVICT. — Did the new arrival explain how he looted the 'Steenth National?

SECOND CONVICT.— Oh, yes! It is plain that the art of eliminating a bank's surplus has made great strides since we were in the business.

A PARALLEL.

"But what," asked the visitor from the North, "if you should lynch the wrong man sometime?"

"Huh!" loftily replied the prominent citizen. "Do your spohtsmen refuse to shoot for feah of hitting the wrong squirrel?"

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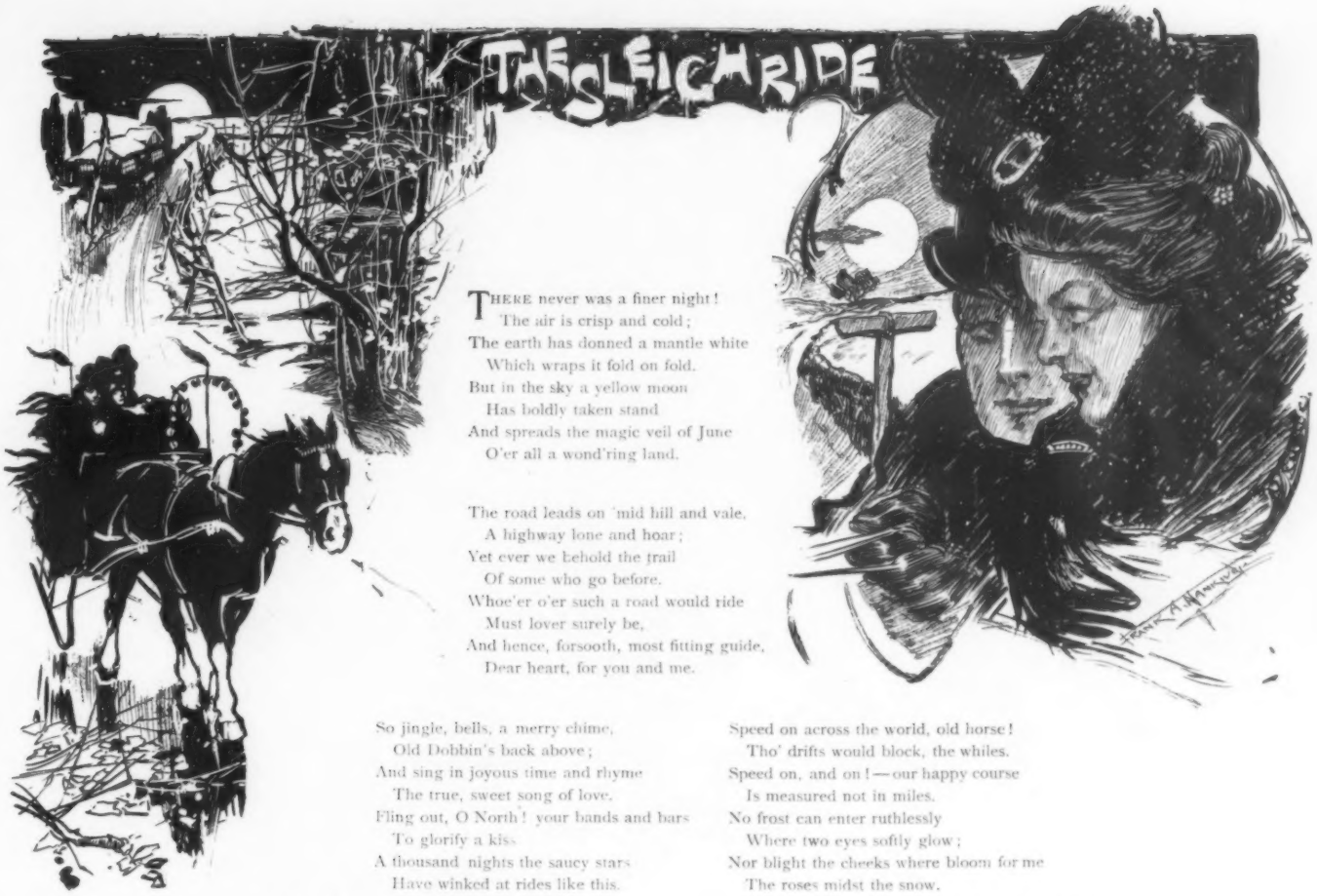
MR. PELICAN HAS A DROP OF TODDY MIXED FOR HIM EVERY NIGHT.



THERE never was a finer night!
The air is crisp and cold;
The earth has donned a mantle white
Which wraps it fold on fold.
But in the sky a yellow moon
Has boldly taken stand
And spreads the magic veil of June
O'er all a wond'ring land.

The road leads on 'mid hill and vale,
A highway lone and hoar;
Yet ever we behold the trail
Of some who go before.
Whoe'er o'er such a road would ride
Must lover surely be,
And hence, forsooth, most fitting guide,
Dear heart, for you and me.

So jingle, bells, a merry chime,
Old Dobbin's back above;
And sing in joyous time and rhyme
The true, sweet song of love.
Fling out, O North! your bands and bars
To glorify a kiss
A thousand nights the saucy stars
Have winked at rides like this.

Speed on across the world, old horse!
Tho' drifts would block, the whiles.
Speed on, and on!—our happy course
Is measured not in miles.
No frost can enter ruthlessly
Where two eyes softly glow;
Nor blight the cheeks where bloom for me
The roses midst the snow.

Edwin L. Sabin.

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ANOTHER MARVEL.

UNCLE JOSH.—A two-story affair, eh? By gosh! New York is a great place for seein' things that make the folks to hum think you 're a liar!

HIS FINANCIAL STATE.

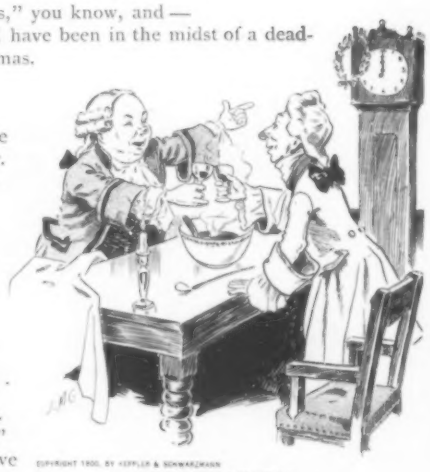
MUSINGTON.—"Money talks," you know, and—
BUSTERLY.—H'm, yes! I have been in the midst of a dead-silence ever since Christmas.

UNUSUAL.

"Any special feature in the case?" inquired the reporter.
"Well, yes," replied the ex-employer of the defaulter. "You may say that we did not trust him implicitly."

FAME.

The fame of the authoress had spread to the four corners of the world. But she was not content.
"There are still people," she exclaimed, "who have heard of my husband!"
So it happened that she neither ate nor slept, but dictated to her stenographer unceasingly.



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PREPARATION.

"A bumper to the New Year!"
"As thou sayest, albeit this is not turning over a new leaf!"
"Nay! The more we drink to-night the more will we feel like turning over a new leaf to-morrow!"

LEGAL.

FIRST LAWYER.—Hear about that divorce decision in Dakota?
SECOND LAWYER.—What was it?
FIRST LAWYER.—It is held that if a rich man marries a woman forty years his junior and fails to die within two years after the ceremony the marriage is thereby dissolved.
SECOND LAWYER.—I see! Time is of the essence of the contract.

THE USES of adversity are sweet to some, perhaps, but they are caviare to the general.

IF AN honest man 's the noblest work of God, the impossible person is perhaps the most remarkable.

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ADVICE.

"I wonder what my wife 'll — hic — say when I get home."
"Oh! Let her hoot!"

DISAPPOINTED.

JOSH RUBY. — Wal, what d' ye think uv Niag'ry Falls, anyhow, Silas?

SILAS SAWBUCK *(after his trip there)*. — Huh! I'd ruther see Uncle Tom's Cabin any day in the week!

EVIDENTLY.

GREEN. — Where did golf originate?

GRASS. — I believe it was first spoken in Scotland.

LIMITATIONS.

The Bourse was quite confounded by her failure.

For herself, she blamed her womanly limitations.

"If I had only been less particular to make that corner in pork a cozy corner!" she moaned, despairingly.

THREE MOTTOS.

THE SPANISH MOTTO — Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

THE ENGLISH MOTTO — Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

THE AMERICAN MOTTO — Never put off till this afternoon what you can do this morning.

A SLIGHT CORRECTION.

"Pa, is n't an autocrat a ruler who can do as he pleases?"

"Not exactly. An autocrat is a ruler who, other people think, can do as he pleases."

HIS KNOWLEDGE.

LOUISE. — Do you speak French?

JACK. — Just enough to make myself misunderstood.

NEW YEAR'S will show the usual large output of paving material for the way that nobody wants to go.

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NO EXPERIENCE.

THE MOTHER. — Of course, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

THE TEACHER. — I presume it would, Madam, but I don't remember any actual case.

THE HAUL OF FAME.

THE inhabitants of Metropolia were about to build a Hall of Fame for Great Writers, and it was required that the writers should put in their claims in *propria persona*. An ex-editor of a magazine was the chief judge and he examined the applicants. The first one to step up was a general in glittering uniform.

"What is your name?" asked the judge, urbanely.

"I am General Fuscum."

"Ah! General, I am proud to make your acquaintance. Gentlemen, put down General Fuscum's name as an accepted candidate. By the way, what have you written?"

"I wrote a denial of the allegation that I had run from the enemy at the Second Battle of Plum Tree Gum."

"To be sure! I remember it increased the circulation of *The Aroma* ten-fold. Thank you for honoring us."

The next applicant was an actor in a fur-lined coat.

"Your name?" asked the judge, with some of his former urbanity, but not quite all of it.

"Garrick Betterton, the tragedian," said the actor, in deep tones, thrusting his hand within the bosom of his great-coat and scowling prodigiously.

"Ah, surely! Gentlemen, put down Garrick Betterton — Oh! Pardon me, what have you written?"

"'Memories of One Hundred Nights in Williamsburg.'"

"Ah! Better than 'A Thousand and One Nights,' I 'll be bound."

"In Williamsburg? Yes, decidedly!" said the tragedian, as he stalked on with a graceful wave of his hand.

The next aspirant for a niche in the Hall of Fame to come forward was a successful inventor.

"May I ask your name?" asked the judge.

"I am Fulton Watts, the inventor of the electric kettle-drum."

"Ah, sir! This is one of my proudest moments. Gentlemen, put down Fulton Watts. Let me see, you have written —"

"I wrote an article showing that Edison Howe did not invent his electric kettle-drum until the day after I had shown him mine would beat."

A fourth applicant now approached. He had no uniform like the general, nor was his coat fur-lined, and he did not have the alert look of the inventor, but his ink-stained fingers and intellectual features proclaimed the author.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the judge, somewhat brusquely.

"I am Thackeray Scott Eliot," said the author, with simple dignity.

"Oh, yes! You 're an author, are n't you? Well, what have you done?"

"Why, I wrote —"

"No! No! Were you ever in the army, or did you ever act?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Eliot. "I am an author."

"Well, surely you have invented something."

"I have invented plots."

"Oh, well! That is a mere quibble. Anyone can write. It is the men who do something and then write about it that win the plaudits of to-day. I 'm afraid that we can't do anything for you. Now, please step aside, for here comes that famous pugilist, Heenan Sullivan, who wrote 'The Sponge and the Ring,' and I want to grasp his right and put him down on the list instanter."

Charles Battell Loomis.

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THE POWER OF KNOWLEDGE.

Miss Sara Medders, of Hayseed Corners, was for a long time courted and provoked by an exceeding bashful lover.

But on a visit to the city she learned there were other styles of furniture. Things are now progressing rapidly.

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HIS ARGUMENT.

HE.—Och! 'T is betther to be born lucky nor rich, anyhow!
SHE.—Oh, ho! An' do ye think ye wor born lucky?
HE.—Well, ain't I lucky not to be worryin' becase I was n't born ayther way?

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

"I WAS READIN' the other day," began the genial farmer, as he seated himself comfortably in the office of the Basswood Corners *Hustler*, "an article on metropolitan journalism. The writer says that there is such an intense strain on everybody connected with it that they all get old before they 're forty. There 's so much hurry, activity and hard work, you know. And I suppose that is a characteristic of running a newspaper anywhere.

"You 're right, Mister Reubenjay," replied the successful editor. "We are compelled to do prodigious tasks in the briefest possible time. Now, only yesterday I had to change two double-column ads., write one obituary and two wedding notices and carry two cords of stovewood upstairs!"

TO SHAKSPERE.

Most noble bard of Avon, could'st thou know
The tendency of modern Thespic Art,
The undisturbed rest craved by thy heart
Would rather be an interval of woe.
A kindly Fate has spared thee many a shock.
Among them Juliet, brought down to date,
And female Hamlets, and playbills that state:
"New Vaudeville Act! Ten Minutes With Shylock!"

TRIUMPHANT FLATTERY.

"So Dick and Daisy have made up? By George! After the way she laid him out I never expected it. How did he pacify her?"

"He told her that he 'd rather quarrel with her than kiss any other girl."

SO MANY people are willing to employ subterfuges that no capable subterfuge has any excuse for being out of a job.

IN VIEW of the pronounced effect of environment in shaping character, it is urged, not without force, that if woman had had a pocket from the beginning, she would be quite as sordid as man.

A TRIBUTE.

FIRST STATESMAN.—Talkington is an able man.

SECOND STATESMAN.—Very! He can be non-committal without seeming so.

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GETTING BACK.

THE ST. BERNARD *(engaged with "Hearts of Erin" Company)*.—Why, hello, you old ice-jumper! I thought you were on the road with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company, Number 18?

THE BLOODHOUND.—I was; but the darn thing stranded out in Frostville, Michigan, and I had to do a hotfoot all the way back. You have n't got the price of a bone in your coat, have you?

A NEW YEAR ACROSTIC.

So here 's the time for swearing off.
(Dear reader, pray you, do not scoff.)
*A*nother leaf I 'll turn to place.
(Allowing sev'ral days of grace.)
*M*y vices all I 'll straight subdue.
(Except, perchance, just one or two.)
*E*ach day I 'll save a little "mon."
(Of course, I 've got to have *some* fun.)

*O*n Sundays I to church will go.
(The weather being right, you know.)
Low slang I 'll drop; no more I 'll swear.
(Unless I have *too* much to bear.)
*D*egrading 'baccy will I quit.
(Or smoke, may be, a *tiny* bit.)

*B*etween the acts I 'll not go out.
(Except to take a walk about.)
*L*iquors I 'll shun — I 'm quite sincere.
(By "liquors" I don't mean plain beer.)
*U*ntruths I 'll loathe; I will not lie.
(Without there 's much to justify.)
*F*ew bets I 'll make; they are a sin.
(That is, unless I 'm sure to win.)
*F*orgiving will I be to all.
(Save just a few I now recall.)

Edwin L. Sabin.

FOR INSTANCE.

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UNCLE PETE.— De longer we lib de moah we l'arn.
UNCLE NED.— Dat 's so! It wuz on'y las' week I done found out I wuz a oct'genarium an' I'se been one fo' de las' foah yeahs.

FOOLED AGAIN.

"I can't understand it at all," soliloquized the bank president, after the trusted cashier had departed for parts unknown. "He was a good fellow, smoked, could take a drink when necessary, and never attended church except when forced to by his wife. Who would have suspected such a man was leading a double life and was superintendent of a Sunday-school in Brooklyn? Nobody, I say!"

AN EXPLANATION.

LIZ.—What do they mean by gallantry?

MAG.—Oh! that 's when a feller jollies a girl along.

DAME FASHION, in the opinion of many a man, is the most arbitrary of tax gatherers.

WE ALL take exceptions to inconvenient rules, but the exceptions are frequently overruled.

WE HARDLY ever have a high opinion of people whose windows open on the same airshaft that ours do.

THERE IS nobody who so thoroughly believes that the judgment of the masses may be trusted as the successful candidate.

EGOTISM WELL-FOUNDED.

JOSHUA.—What a brag Jake is gittin' ter be! He says he is smooth-lookin', sharp-lookin', metropolitan-lookin' and all that.

JABEZ.—Yes; he did n't get buncoed the last time he went ter New York, and it 's set him up so high that a feller can't touch him with a ten-foot pole.

FACTS ARE reputed to be stubborn because they won't get out of the way of people who close their eyes to them.

WOMAN will advance, indubitably, but she will hardly make the tactical blunder of advancing so far as to be cut off from her natural base of supplies — namely, man.

STUDENT.— Why do you object to answering the questions asked of you by earnest seekers after truth?

PHILOSOPHER.—My son, if these people knew enough to understand the right answers to the questions they ask they would know too much to ask them.

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MOST ASSUREDLY.

MISS PLANE.— Do you think hanging the mistletoe unmaidenly?
MISS RUBYLIPPS.— No; — unnecessary.

PUCK.

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, January 2, 1901.—No. 1243.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A HAPPY NEW CENTURY!

CENTURIES, NOWADAYS, die younger than they used to. When it was first caught and harnessed to the calendar, Time was heavy-footed; so slow that the centuries died of senile old age. A century in its last days held but misty memories even of its middle life. Of its first days it remembered no more than we do of earlier lives we may have lived. It was none too sure there had been previous centuries, and as to later ones it was blithely doubtful. Then some one learned to write, and the centuries took to keeping diaries. This enabled them to retain their faculties to the very last, so that they could go out flush of anecdote, in a hale and well-minded ripeness. Later, some one else made a printing-press and they found in it a veritable elixir of youth. So, here is this 19th century going off in its lusty prime, a hundred years young. Its first days are as fresh as its last; rather more fresh, indeed, if we may depend upon late historical novels. For some of them presume to know more of the early days than those who peopled them could ever have dreamed of. However, yesterday was 1900, and 1800 was but day before yesterday. The advantage of this freshness is that we may reason from it something of what to-day and to-morrow must bring.

* * *

The 19th century was the richest of all. Richer, indeed, than all of its predecessors combined. In the secrets it learned, the advances it made along every line of human effort, it is unparalleled by all of them. We knew more, made more, had more, felt more; and, what is best of all, it left us wanting more. And we know that the 20th century will do still greater things. It is as plain as figures can make it, the scheme of geometrical progression under which we grow not having been officially abandoned up to the moment of our going to press. To be sure, the chronic unbeliever remains to warn us of impending chaos. If he belong to the church, the demon of unreligious commercialism is to finish us presently; if he be a worker, the masses are about to destroy the classes; if he be a perpetual candidate on the Democratic platform, the octopus will choke us,—if we don't mark our dollar, some Monday, down to forty-nine cents; if he hold for the literal inspiration of the *Evening Post*, our tendency to make war will eventually foil the Creator. The W. C. T. U. sees drunkards graves dug for us all, from the President down; the vegetarians behold a destroying angel upon us in the specious guise of a broiled beef-steak; the doctors of medicine see us being gnawed away by voracious microbes; Dr. Parkhurst expects the Lord to send another deluge almost any day, because we golf on Sundays; the Presbyterian church isn't quite sure that the choicest ovens in hell aren't being heated for us, even if we do drown; and a far-seeing humanist in Wichita, Kansas, begs PUCK to give warning of the frightful loss of life that must ensue "when these here big air-ships gets to running into each other thousands of feet up above the earth." He says none of the other papers will pay any attention to him.

* * *

In spite of these troubled ones, pessimism has become notoriously less the fashion. The dead century bequeathed to us, among other savings, the notion that life is not only worth living, but that a profit may be got from it. Virtue is still its own reward, but we are learning to find it more than sufficient. We are coming to suspect that "Be good and you will be happy" has assuredly its other side, which is, "Be happy and you will be good enough for all practical purposes;" and that the game may be played by an intelligent person equally well under either system. This is perhaps the greatest compliment we shall ever pay to the Maker of the game. Yet, with this, the game will be made no easier. We shall have to work through this new century, one thin day at a time, as we did the others; and the new good things will form so gradually that nothing but a retrospect will show them to be growing. There are still wars to be fought, suffering and injustice to be endured. One shall starve of famine and his neighbor of satiety. But every day of it will see us earth dwellers better acquainted among ourselves, and with more aims and sympathies in common. And it appears that nothing but war will do this. In the language of a certain Brazilian tribe the word "we" also means "good." "Others" which they express by saying "not we" also means "evil." And this has been an inevitable stage in the growth of all tribes. That is why it has been our way to fight so much, and only plenty of fighting puts us past it. We may not all go past it in this 20th century, but we may be pretty sure that some time war will cease because it is impolite. And there need be no hurry about these matters.

* * *

Another thing we shall learn about in this next hundred years is the effective distribution of our produce. Production itself, of course, will increase; yet, even if it did not, if we learned no more in the 20th century than how to distribute fairly that which we learned to produce in the 19th, this would still be the crowning century. For life will become better worth the living only as this is learned. Only then may we pursue it as sportsmen and not as pothunters for the market. And this secret will be learned, as others, only by trial and daring. We shall continue to laugh at the theorist of to-day and live by the theorist of yesterday. Fearing and denouncing steam locomotion and machinery in one century, we fear and denounce Trusts and capital the next, unconscious that we are being made to profit by them in spite of our superstitions.

* * *

And so PUCK wishes a happy new century to his readers present and future, the old, the young and the unborn. As the One Hundred Year Club has not yet installed its electric-light plant in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, few of us will see all of this century. But we know that some like us and to come from us will, at its close, be looking forward with like hope to another; and we should suspect that, in some way, even we are the inalienable parts of a scheme that is probably worthy. As for the day-by-day part of this time remaining to us, be it much or little, one of those higher mathematicians that calculate in rhyme has reduced it to an interesting and not unpleasant certainty:

"Oft as I scanned it, ever it appeared
Worse than I hoped, but better than I feared!"

RHYME OF YE AGED MAN.

Quotha: (melancholy like,)
"Ay, tottering. That 's ye way to go.
Fair and easy, and measured and slow.
I lead no lass 'neath ye mistletoe,
As oft in ye days gone by.

"Ye feet, once capering blithe and gay,
Are none so sprightly when heads grow gray.
'Hey, marry, come up!' saith ye roundelay,
But—'Marry, sit down!' say I."

Aldis Dunbar.

EXCELLENCE.

HUNTER *(in Adirondacks)*.—I want the very best guide to be had!

GUIDE.—Waal, I don't wanter brag, Mister, but I 've been took fer a caribou time an' agin by hunters with only three or four drinks in 'em!

THE REAL trouble with the concert of the Powers is too many wind-instruments.

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—BUT THE CANTEEN IN THE CAPITOL STAYS.

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FIRE PROTECTION

THE DEMOCRATIC PHOENIX. — If they 'd just keep that I would n't have to do this stunt every four years.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

OTECTION WANTED.

'd just keep that Bryan boy from playing around me with matches
ears.

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MEANS TO AN END.

BOWERS.— Say! Did you ever hear that Sauers was a member of a suicide club?

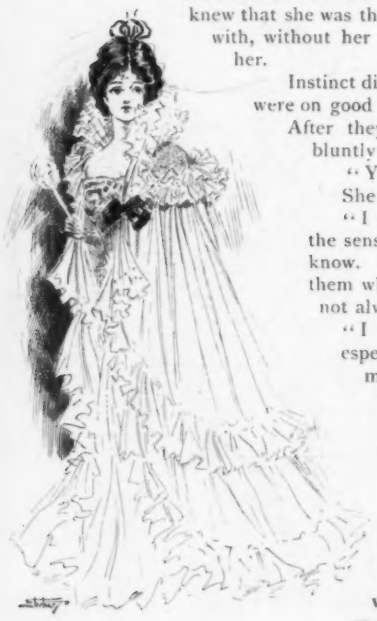
MOWERS.— Yes; I've heard so.

BOWERS.— Well, I guess it is his turn to go next. He told me he bought his wife a chafing-dish for a Christmas present.

IT IS ALWAYS THUS.

THEY MET for the first time.

She knew in a moment that he was the kind of a man that she would think too much of to fall in love with; and, on his part, he knew that she was the kind of a girl that he could be confidential with, without her expecting that he was going to try and kiss her.



Instinct did this. Subtle, unreasoning instinct. They were on good terms at once.

After they had talked of books for awhile, he said bluntly but admiringly:

"You are not literary, are you?"

She smiled.

"I understand you," she said. "No; not in the sense you mean. I hate that sort of thing, you know. I like books for their own sakes, and read them when I can; but, alas! the books I like are not always considered the best by others."

"I knew it," he replied. "And you have no especial — fad, have you? You are musical, may be; and you like golf, and you go to church, but —"

"I know exactly what you mean," she said. "Yes, I am fond of music; but I don't rave over the German opera. To tell you the truth, I have often found it a bore. I like to play golf, too; but not so much as some people do. Yes," reflectively, "I think I am fond of a great many things; but I believe, most of all, in cultivating the homelier virtues. I am fond of home, and I like to keep myself good-natured and be patient with others; and I am fond of men — when they are not silly. Indeed, I fear that you will find me very ordinary."

"Yes," he said, admiringly; "perhaps you are; but, do you know, that is what I like about you."

And they both laughed.

"But you," she said. "How strange I have never met you before! You are about, are n't you?"

"Not much!" he replied. "I am too busy. I never go to afternoon teas, or readings, or operas, or such things."

"How fortunate you are!" she murmured. "What *do* you do?"

"I work hard," he answered. "The only time I have to play golf is on Sundays."

"How nice!" she observed. "How you must enjoy it!"

"I do!" he exclaimed. "I like a good many other things, also, but I don't have time for them. I believe a good deal as you do, and try to keep myself where I feel that I am *something* of an object of respect."

"I can well believe that," she said. "I am sure we shall be friends."

"Indeed we shall!" he replied, warmly.

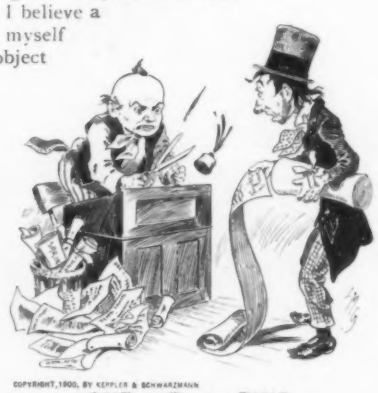
And then they parted.

And as they went on their ways each one observed to { himself: / herself:

"What a great pity it is that { he / she } is the kind of a { fellow / girl } that I *never* could marry!"

Tom Masson.

IF YOU want to see a man bow to the inevitable just watch the average mortal who has greatness thrust upon him.



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ONE AT A TIME.

THE EDITOR.— Heavens, man! It needs to be cut down!

THE AUTHOR.— If I thought that was the only objection —

THE EDITOR.— Well, cut it down, and I 'll look for another!

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HOPE.

CLERGYMAN.— This is a poor way to spend the Sabbath, my friends!

GOLFER.— It is, sir; but, may be, it will clear up pretty soon, so we can have a game!

REPRESSION.

When the chilling Winter wind has turned to sleet,
And the sidewalk is like glass beneath our feet,
We 'd prefer to go our way,
But we find, to our dismay,
On the flagstones we 're compelled to take a seat.

For a moment all the buildings round us spin.
Then we 're conscious of abrasions in our skin; —
We should like aloud to swear,
But, somehow, we do not dare;
So we say it to ourselves and merely grin.

Wood Levette Wilson.

A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY.

FRIEND.— Have you read any of the historical romances?

THE PROFESSOR.— No. I can get all the historical fiction I want by reading the historians.

THE MIGHT OF A MAID.

Had I been jester to the king
At some forgotten court,
The mark of every quip and fling,
The butt of jest and sport,
Methinks such life I 'd grown to hate,
A simple clown to be,
And would have roundly cursed the fate
That made a Fool of me.

But kings and courts have passed away,
The Jester's tribe has flown,
I could not, though I wished, to-day
Take his lot for my own;
Yet, I am, though with kings we 've done,
In danger still, you see —
We 're ruled by Woman now — there 's one
That 's made a *Fool* of me!

Roy Farrell Greene.

SYNONYMS.

TEACHER.— What is a man who tills the soil called, Percy?

PERCY.— A farmer.

TEACHER.— James, can you tell me what else he is known as?

JAMES.— A sucker, a come-on, and easy-money!

UNCULTIVATION.

THE LADY BUG.— I understand the Cricket will give no more musicales, being quite discouraged by the lack of artistic sentiment in the community.

THE COCKROACH.— Well, one can hardly blame her. At her last musicale she presented a selection from Brahms and the Centipede applauded with his feet!

A PRESCRIPTION.

SHOCKED OLD LADY.— Little boy, I hope your father is not sending you to the saloon after beer?

JIMMY *(scornfully)*.— Naw! He 's sendin' me after a bucket of frappy champagne, prescribed by his physician.

EVIDENCE OF SKILL.

SHE.— You don't think the playwright knows his business?

HE.— I would n't say that! He has managed to get a worthless play produced.

HOW THE QUARREL STARTED.

MR. SCRAPPINGTON *(in the midst of his reading)*.— Here is an item which says that a certain famous scientist has figured out that the earth weighs 11,913,000,000,000,000 pounds.

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON.— Well, what of it?

MR. SCRAPPINGTON.— Why, if you thought it weighed only 11,912,000,000,000,000 pounds you are wrong; — that 's what 's of it!

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UTILIZATION.

I.

MR. ISAACS.— Mein Gott! Rosenbaum, see vat some Ghristian vandals do mit our plank vall: cut dot ber-cent. mark in der blaster undt den bainted it plack. Now ve der whole site haf blastered over must!

MR. ROSENBAUM.— Say not a vort! I knows a poor ardist vat vill fix him up mitout much oxbenses.

LIGHT.

"And when did you first see the light of day?"

"When I was nine years old," said the Chicago person, "and my parents took me on an excursion to St. Joseph, Mich."

THE SMILE-KILLER.

"Fortune smiled upon their newspaper venture at first?"

"Yes; until they added a comic supplement."

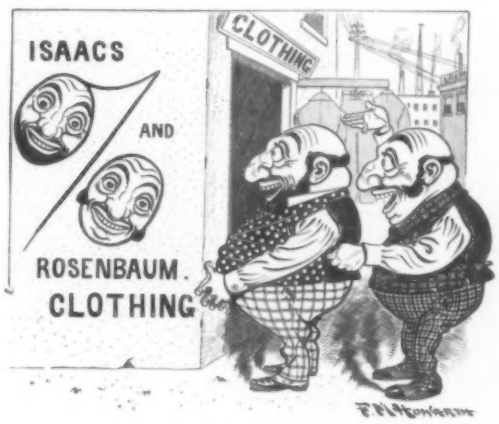
GIRLS! GIRLS!!

MIRIAM.— Jack Dusnap tried to kiss me five times last night.

MELICENT.— Indeed? What interrupted him?

THE MAN who is a law unto himself is apt to be in urgent need of amerdments.

OBSTINACY is merely the result of making the will-power support the won't power.



UTILIZATION.

II.

MR. ROSENBAUM.— Vat dinks you mit dat, Isaacs?

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St.

Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

GREAT WESTERN Champagne

received the

Only Gold Medal

awarded to any American Champagne at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
Sole Makers, - - Rheims, N. Y.
Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers.

White Rock LITHIA WATER

The vim and life without the bite. Paris Exposition Judges' opinion: "Perfect."

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

THE PARSON WHO WAS SHERIFF.

Say, Weary, up in Maine they 've gone an' 'lected a parson to office. They 've made him sheriff."

"Eh! Sheriff? Well, that makes me remember that I once boarded with a sheriff that had been a parson. He was a cute one, too. Used to hold service an' pass 'round th' plate every mornin'. If a feller did n't chip in willin'ly the sheriff 'd have him searched on suspicion. D' ye remember old Jim Sloppington, the reformed burglar I wuz tellin' you 'bout? Yes? He reformed more times than you could count. Well, Jim wuz so much moved by th' sheriff's services that he reformed again an' give the sheriff his note for one hundred dollars, with two forged endorsements on it, to help along the cause. Jim had a good heart if he wuz so derned tricky."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

NEVER PLEASED.

The gossips leave you sorrowing and suspicious,
No matter how your daily life is spent.
If you get rich they 'll say you 're avaricious;
If poor, they 'll say you are improvident.
—*Washington Star.*

SHE.—You say she struck you as a very pretty girl?

HE.—Yes; and when I tried to kiss her she struck me in an entirely different way.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"That's It"

When we need the use of whiskey we always want the very best

On the first taste of

Hunter Baltimore Rye

All say

"That's It"

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

HIS GREATEST NEED.

"It 's only an ordinary black eye."
"Is that all? Nothing much needed for that!"
"Only a plausible explanation."

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne has a delightful aroma. It is perfectly pure and naturally fermented.

Hopes are never realized where ambition is greater than strength. Fortify your system with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

MOST PERFECT BLOCK SIGNALS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Every Bottle is Sterilized.

M. Pasteur, of France, invented a process for killing all possible germs in a product, and we use it. After each bottle of Schlitz beer has been filled and sealed, it is sterilized.

This is an extreme precaution. The beer is brewed in absolute cleanliness, cooled in filtered air, then filtered. It seems impossible for a taint of impurity to get to it. Yet we sterilize every bottle.

We, who know brewing, know the value of purity. We add vastly to the necessary cost of our beer to assure it. You who drink it, get the healthful results of our precaution. Schlitz Beer is absolutely pure.

Your physician knows; ask him.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

Bunner's Short Stories.

....ILLUSTRATED....

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

MORE SHORT SIXES. A Continuation of the above.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS. A Story of Small Stories.

MADE IN FRANCE. French Tales Retold with a United States Twist.

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Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

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LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

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AS TO TOMMY ATKINS.

FIRST ARTIST.—Where is he supposed to be;—in South Africa?
SECOND ARTIST.—Oh, no! Posing in London after a triumphal escape from De Wet.

LITTLE LIFE IN IT.

"He has," she remarked, "quite a delicate wit;
At least so I 've heard."
"H'm! 'Delicate' 's hardly expressive of it,
But 'sickly' 's the word."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE RISE OF A RUNNER.

"Well, suh," said the colored constituent, "dey 's no tellin' whar Marse Tom 'll lan' ef he keep on gwine! Fust, he wuz town marshal, den he wuz mayor, en 'as' come dey sont him ter de legislatur'! Ef he keeps up dat halleluia lick I would n't be 't all surprise ter hear dat he wuz boss er one er dem street-cars whut run by elumtricity!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WOULD CAUSE A STAMPEDE.

PITTSBURG MAN.—What would you folks do if a mob of rioters should come charging down Broadway?

NEW YORKER *(busily).*—Start a policeman to shooting at a dog.—*New York Weekly.*

WELL INFORMED.

"Is the correspondent of that publication a well-informed man?"

"I should say so!" was the answer. "Half the time he 's the only person in the world who knows whether what he tells is true or not."—*Washington Star.*

PROVING HIS REGRET.

"Our baby seems to have a natural taste for the piano."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he 's gnawed half the polish off of one leg."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

BILL.—I see Mr. Bryan has got his wish.

JILL.—What was that?

BILL.—Why, he once made the request that he 'd like to be buried in his own State.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

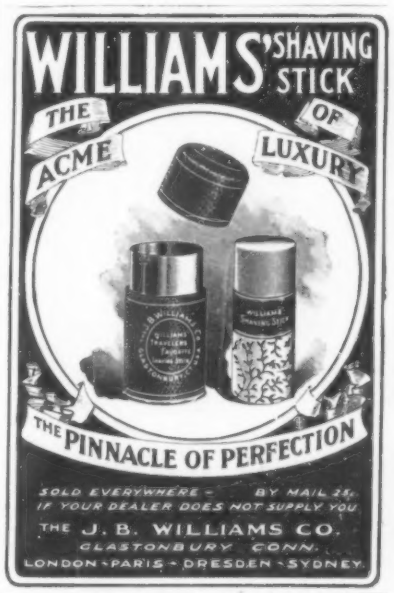
IT TAKES "rocks" to fill a coal bin at the present price of coal.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHEN a man picks up a baby, the women all scream, "Put your hand on its back!"—*Atchison Globe.*

THERE NEVER was a surer way to get behind the bars, than to stand too much in front of them.—*Star of Hope.*

HOW FEW people there are who really know anything worth repeating!—*Washington Democrat.*

The flavour of "Canadian Club" Whisky is distilled with it, not added afterward, and water cannot wash it out. A High Ball made from "Canadian Club" is an extension, not an extinction, of the perfect qualities which have made "Canadian Club" so popular with connoisseurs



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Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

Rae's Lucca Olive Oil...

Combines Perfection of Quality with Absolute Purity

S. RAE & CO.,
Leghorn, Italy.
Established 1836.

They said he 'd soon be going hence,
But now his health 's the best;
He put his trust in Providence,
And R.I.P.A.N.S did the rest.

You cannot feel dressed if ill at ease. You cannot be at ease unless your collar fits the shirt, and you cannot get collars and shirts in one brand fitted to each other with cuffs to match unless you buy Lion Brand collars, cuffs and shirts. Two collars or two cuffs cost 25c. It does n't pay to pay more. Shirts cost $1, $1.50, or $2, depending on the kind you want. Ask your furnisher. Do not send us money.
United Shirt & Collar Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

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HIS ONLY SPECIALTY.

WEARY WILLY.—I 'm looking fer work, Mum!
MRS. KNOWEM.—Can you do anything else?

"In all the Glad New Year there 's Hope"—
and

Evans' Ale

Here 's to your Good Health and your family's!

WHY not pay the same attention to the purity of your WHISKEY as you do to your milk and butter?

OLD OVERHOLT

Bottled in bond Direct from the barrel . . . . . .

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"Card Games, and How to Play Them," a 120 page book mailed for six flap ends from Bicycle boxes, or five 2c. stamps.

Dept. 25 THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Grand Prix, Paris Exposition, 1900.

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No other 25c. card is so durable and satisfactory.

Goddess of Liberty trade-mark ace on every pack.

For Duplicate Whist use Paine's, Kalamazoo, or U. S. Trays.

A MATTER OF SOUND.

"Have you any intention of retaliating for the harsh epithets used by that enemy of yours?"

"Well," answered the man who is too serious to be always sincere, "I hate to let him have the last word. And neither of us wants to be so ungentlemanly as to fight. So, if he will agree, I think we will get a couple of phonographs and each make a record of what is on his mind. Then we 'll set the machine so as to make it repeat, start it going, lock the door and let the talking match go on indefinitely, while we attend to business."—*Washington Star.*

HE MEANS BUSINESS.

Now, here is a poet who is practical enough. He hails from Dooly county, and it will be seen from his letter that he means business. He writes:

"I have wrote a poem about one hundred yards long—as nigh as I kin guess. It took me six months an' two hours to write it. I ain't no judge o' these things, an' what I want to know is where I kin hire a good man to read it for me an' tell me what it is. To sich a man I will pay one dollar a day till he gits through; only he must n't take too long!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE NEW PHONOGRAPH.

"How did you catch up the golf dialect so easily, Madge?"

"Oh! We took our parrot out to the game several days; and then we learned it from her."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I DON'T know where my next meal is coming from, Mister," said the tramp to the man with the baggage, who was moving along West Street in New York.

"And I don't know where my next meal 's going to," said the stranger, as he hurried to board the outgoing ocean steamer.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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MORPHINE and LAUDANUM
habits cured by OPACURA a painless home treatment endorsed and used by leading Physicians. A TRIAL TREATMENT, sufficent to convince you it WILL CURE, sent FREE, with book of testimonials (sealed).
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326 FIRST PREMIUMS
SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE,
Prairie State Incubator Co.
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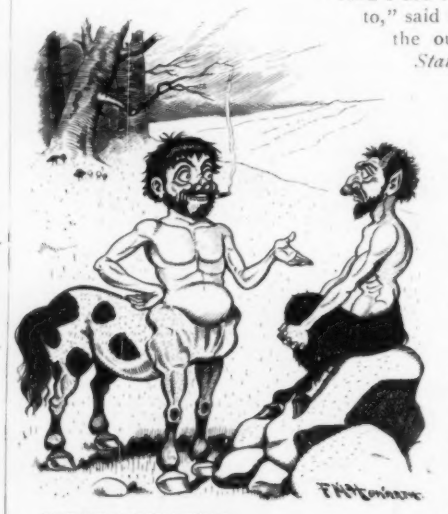
The Court of Public Opinion and its Verdict.

Within the past few years ale drinking has become very general, thanks to the efforts of Evans, whose success in producing an ale entirely free from sediment, is the cause of the other brands being rapidly crowded out. The man who drinks ale and does not prefer Evans' is rarely found nowadays. Critical ale drinkers have a warm spot in their hearts for it, because it is the only ale that is always ready for instant use, and the only ale that cannot be spoiled in the handling. Every bottle of Evans' ale pours out as clear as distilled water, brilliant and bubbling, with a creamy head of deep, lasting froth.



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BUILT FOR IT.

THE SATYR.—You appear to get along very well in the world.
THE CENTAUR.—Ah, yes! You see, that is on account of my horse-sense!

LOTS of folks would avoid many mistakes in grammar if they talked just a little less.—*Washington Democrat.*

MRS. STATESTREETH.—Did she marry her first love?

MRS. STOCKYARDE.—Oh, my, yes! Her first, second, third and fourth.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHEN the gossips hear a man slam his door violently upon going to work, they make up their minds to run over during the day and call on his wife.—*Atchison Globe.*

IT 's easy to distinguish the society fledgling from the man of the world. The former threatens to kiss a pretty girl, while the latter apologizes—afterward.—*Indianapolis News.*

Arnold Constable & Co.
Hosiery.
Women's and Children's Hose.
Cotton, Silk, Merino, Camel's Hair, Silk and Wool and All-Wool.
Men's Half Hose.
Cotton, Wool and Silk, Fancy Stripes, Plain Colors, Embroidered Fronts and Open Work.
Underwear.
Men's, Women's and Children's
Merino, Silk, Silk and Wool, and All-Wool.
Women's and Children's Union Suits.
Swiss Ribbed Underwear.
Golf Hose.
Ladies' Hand-knit Spencers.
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NEW YORK

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS
IN Electrical, Mechanical, Marine, Stationary, or Locomotive ENGINEERING
(Including Mechanical Drawing). Number limited.
American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass.

Medal and Diploma. Chicago, 1893

The Brunswick

Write us for Sample Box of 12, $1.00; 100, $7.50. (Trade Mark.) ARROW ON EVERY CIGAR.

RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL

Paris Exposition, 1900, for purity of tobacco and excellence of make. A fragrant, high-grade cigar. If you smoke them, you will buy them again. Further information furnished dealers on application.
JACOB STAHL, JR., & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.

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THE BOOM SPIRIT IN KENTUCKY.

FIRST KENTUCKIAN.—There don't seem to be no local pride nor enterprise at all over in Stony Holler. Everybody pulls in the breechin' instead of on the tugs.

SECOND KENTUCKIAN.—That 's right! They had a meetin' over there last week to try to organize a feud. The town, sah, could n't even institute a dog fight; and now, I 'll be eternally burcussed, sah, if they hain't offerin' a bonus to any feud that 'll locate there from any other town!

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

$500.00 Reward

We have advertised for nine years that a cocktail made of the same materials and proportions and aged is better than one that is made as wanted. To more strongly impress the public with our statement and to remove such little, unjust prejudices as may exist against the "Club Cocktails," we now offer **$500.00** to any party who will prove our assertion to be untrue. We contend that a cocktail is a blend of different liquors and that all blends improve with age. If you think we are wrong, prove it and get the **$500.00.**

AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,
29 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn., 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

Government Positions

Nearly 10,000 appointments made last year. Chances better for 1901. Hundreds of those who have been appointed were prepared by mail by us. Ninth year. Full particulars free concerning government positions, salaries paid, examinations—when and where held, our methods, etc. Write to-day. NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, 24-42 Second National Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

MORPHINE OPIUM, DRINK HABITS permanently cured at home. No loss of time from business. No relapses. Free sample and book (in plain sealed envelope). DR. PURDY, Room 7, Binz Bldg., Houston, Texas.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company will Issue Clerical Orders for 1901.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that clerical orders will be issued for the year 1901 to ordained clergymen having regular charge of churches located on or near the line of its road.

Application blanks may be obtained of ticket agents, and same should reach the General Office by December 22, so that orders may be mailed December 31 to clergymen entitled to receive them. Orders will be issued only on individual application of clergymen when made on blanks furnished by the Company and certified to by one of its agents.

A MARTYR TO DUTY.

HUSBAND.—Are n't you going to church to-day?

WIFE.—No. I am not feeling well.

HUSBAND.—Then call a messenger boy and send him. The family must be represented.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

MANY a man is generous to a fault, who is generous to nothing else.—*Indianapolis News.*

IN due time Texas will wring herself out and resume business at the old stand.—*Wash. Post.*

No Christmas Table is complete without the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator, *Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street.
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND

METAL POLISH.—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

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OWING to the many requests for the original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers have decided to place them all on sale. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his representative artists framed and on exhibition in his own art-gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time.

The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charges to destination.

This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.

DEC 26 1900

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IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

"Yea, my dancing days are over, though once I tripped as merrily as the best of them."
"Ah! Age and wisdom come together, Mynheer!"
"Nay! Age and rheumatism!"